To kiſſe her buriall ; ſhould I goe to Church,
And ſee the holy edifice of ſtone,
And not bethinke me ſtraight of dangerous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle Veſſels ſide,
Would ſcatter all her ſpices on the ſtreame,
Enroabe the roaring water with my ſilkes,
And in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing. Shall I have the thought
To thinke on this, and ſhall I lacke the thought
That ſuch a thing bechanc'd vvould make me ſad ?
But tell not me, I know *Anthonio*
Is ſad to thinke upon his merchandize.
Anth. Beleeve me no, I thanke my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottome truſted,
Nor to one place ; nor is my whole eſtate
Vpon the fortune of this preſent yeare :
Therefore my merchandize makes me not ſad.
Sala. Why then you are in love. *Anth.* Fie, fie.
Sal. Not in love neither : then let us ſay you are ſad
Becauſe you are not merry ; and twere as eaſie
For you to laugh and leape, and ſay you are merry
Becauſe you are not ſad. Now by two-headed *Ianus*,
Nature hath fram'd ſtrange fellowes in her time :
Some that will evermore peepe through their eyes,
And laugh like Parrats at a Pagpiper.
And other of ſuch Vineger aſpect,
That they'l not ſhew their teeth in way of ſmile,
Though *Neſtor* ſweare the jeſt be laughable.

Enter *Baſſanio*, *Lorenſo*, and *Gratiano*.

Sala. Here comes *Baſſanio* your moſt noble kinſman,
Gratiano, and *Lorenſo*. Fare ye well,
We leave you now vvith better company.
Salan. I would have ſtaid till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.
Anth. Your worth is very deare in my regard.
I take it your owne buſineſſe calls on you,
And you embrace th'occaſion to depart.
Salar. Good morrow my good Lords.

Baſſ. Good ſignors both, when ſhall we laugh ? ſay, when ?
You grow exceeding ſtrange : muſt it be ſo ?
Sal. Weele make our leyſures to attend on yours.

Exeunt Salarino, and *Salanio*.

Lor. My Lord *Baſſanio*, ſince you have found *Anthonio*.
We two will leave you, but at dinner time
I pray you have in minde vvhere vve muſt meete.
Baſſ. I vvill not faile you.
Gra. You looke not vvell ſignior *Anthonio*,
You have too much reſpect upon the vvorld :
They looſe it that doe buy it with much care,
Beleeve me you are mervellouſly chang'd.
Ant. I hold the vvorld but as the vvorld, *Grataino*,
A ſtage, vvhere every man muſt play a part,
And mine a ſad one.
Grat. Let me play the foole,
With mirth and laughter let old wrinckes come,
And let my liver rather heate vvith vvine
Then my heart coole vvith mortifying groanes.
Why ſhould a man whoſe blood is warme within,
Sit like his Grandſire, cut in Alablaſter :
Sleepe when he vvakes ? and creepe into the Iaundies
By being peeviſh ? I tell thee vvhat *Anthonio*,
I love thee, and tis my love that ſpeakes :
There are a ſort of men whoſe viſages
Doe creame and mantle like a ſtanding Pond,
And doe a wilfull ſtilneſſe entertaine,
With purpoſe to be dreſt in an opinion
Of vviſdome, gravitie, profound conceit,
As who ſhould ſay, I am ſir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dogge barke.
O my *Anthonio* I doe know of theſe
That therefore onely are reputed wiſe
For ſaying nothing ; when I am very ſure
If they ſhould ſpeake, would almoſt dant thoſe eares,
Which hearing them would call their brothers fooles,
Ile tell thee more of this another time.
But fiſh not with this melancholy baite